

Highlights

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APRIL 2005 for Children

for Children®

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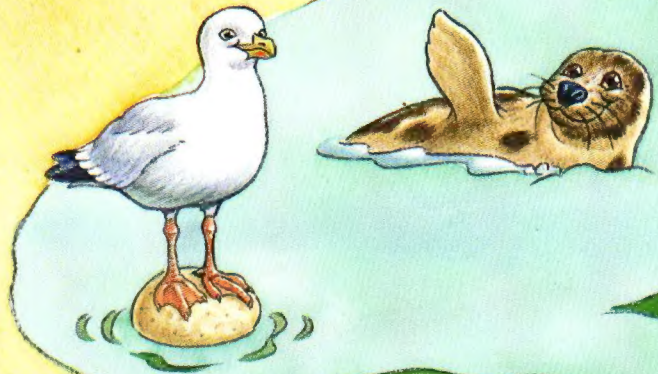
Fun with a Purpose®

A Certain Sandpiper

By X.J. Kennedy

I knew a tiny sandpiper
(Indeed, I know him yet)
Who wrapped his toes in sandpaper
So he wouldn't get them wet.

Now shod in scratchy shoes he goes
To soothe a whale who's stranded,
And he is why the shiny shore
Is always smoothly sanded.





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This month's LinkWord:
tools

- Take our Readers' Poll.
- Create and decode your own Mystery Messages.
- Write a Timbertoes story.
- Finished reading this issue? Take the HighQ quiz!

Find the Pictures

Can you find each of these pictures at another place in this book?



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Highlights for Children®

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This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness, in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others, in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for children are the world's most important people.

Dear Readers,

When I was a kid, I loved to discover a new issue of my favorite magazine in our mailbox. I'd grab it, flop on my bed, and read it from cover to cover. When I was finished, I always wished for more. But, of course, I had to wait a whole month for the next delivery.

I know that many of you who love to read do the same thing. That's why I'm glad we have **HighlightsKids.com**—our free Web site for subscribers. It offers something new to read or do every day. It's like an electronic playground, full of *Highlights* stories, games, and activities. So now you won't run out of great things to do while waiting for a new magazine to arrive.

And we've made it easier for you to get on our site. Just go to www.HighlightsKids.com and enter the LinkWord that appears on page three of the magazine. You'll find a new LinkWord every month. This month, the LinkWord is *tools*. Next month, the LinkWord is . . . well, we hope you'll come back and find out.

Your friend,

Christine

Christine French Clark, Editor
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Announcing
my new
LinkWord!



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Covers: Winter to Spring and What's Wrong? by Lynn Adams

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Play This Flag-Puzzle Game

By Edna Harrington

Make the Game

- 2.** Draw and color one flag on each blank index card. Print the name of each nation on the back of its flag card.



- 3.** To make puzzle pieces for each flag, select felt or construction paper to match the flag's main color. Cut out a 4-inch-by-6-inch rectangle from this color.
- 4.** Using the appropriate colors, cut out the shapes needed to complete each flag.
- 5.** Place the puzzle pieces for three flags—along with their matching cards—in each plastic bag.

Play! (For one to four players)

Give a bag of flags to each player. He or she pours out the contents of the bag, separates the cards, and mixes up the flag-puzzle pieces. Players study the flag cards for 30 seconds, then turn over the cards with the flag-sides down. Players put their flags together without looking back at the cards. The player who finishes first wins, if all of his flags are put together correctly. If the flags are not correct, players switch bags and play again. The first player to put all of his flags together correctly wins.

More Ways to Play

- When playing the game alone, try to beat your previous time.
- On a second set of 12 index cards, print the names of the nations represented by the flag cards. Play alone or with friends. Place the flag cards faceup on a table. Stack the name cards. Draw a card from the name deck and match it to a flag card. Check your match. If the names match, keep both cards. If they do not, return the name card to the bottom of the deck and continue playing. The player who matches the most flag cards wins.
- Mix all of the flag pieces. Try to put all 12 flags together correctly without looking at the flag cards.

**Make national
flag puzzles and get
ready to play!**

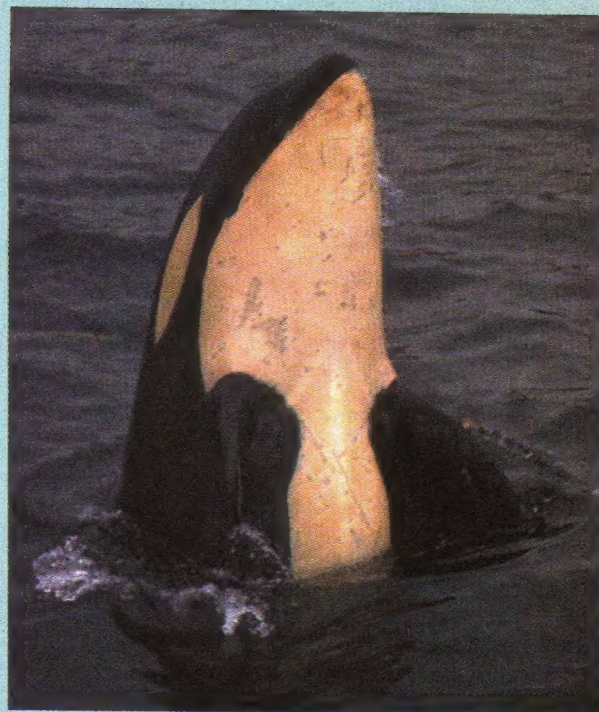
Gather Supplies

- 12 blank index cards
- pictures of national flags
- ruler
- pencil
- construction paper or felt
- markers
- watch with a second hand
- scissors
- 4 sandwich-size plastic bags



Springer, an Orphan Orca

By Sharlene P. Nelson



A small “killer whale,” or *orca*, swam alone in the waters of Puget Sound near Seattle, Washington. At night she slept under a ferryboat.

During the day, she entertained ferry workers and passengers who were traveling between Vashon Island and West Seattle. They watched her play with floating logs and nuzzle the boats filled with people who came to see her. “She’s always playing, like a toddler,” said one ferry worker. Scientists called her A-73. Everyone else called her Springer.

Scientists began watching

Springer from small boats in January 2002, when she first appeared. They were puzzled. Orcas are rarely seen in Puget Sound in the winter, and they do not usually swim alone. They live in family groups called *pods*.

The scientists listened to Springer’s squeaks and squeals, and they compared them to recordings taken from known orca pods. Then they knew that she was a member of the A-4 pod. This orca family swims in waters from northern Vancouver Island to southeastern Alaska.

Springer had last been seen with her mother in September 2000. Her mother died sometime the following winter. Now the two-year-old orphan was almost four hundred miles from her family.

Helping Springer

The scientists were worried. “Springer had very bad skin and open sores,” said Dr. Lance Barrett-Lennard. He is a scientist at Vancouver Aquarium.

However, their biggest worry

What
Do
Orcas
Eat?

Around the world, orcas eat fish, squid, penguins, seals, walruses, dolphins, and even whales. But different groups of orcas eat different foods. Springer’s pod eats only fish, and prefers salmon.

was her breath, he said. It smelled like paint thinner—a sign that she might be starving.

They also worried that by swimming alone and near people, Springer would bond with people and not orcas. “Killer whales are incredibly social animals,” said Dr. Barrett-Lennard. “They crave companionship.”

The scientists decided that Springer had little chance of survival on her own. They would try to return her to her pod. But would her pod accept her? No one had ever reunited an orca with its pod before.

On June 13, 2002, the scientists



Springer is taken to a safe place for a checkup.

captured Springer and carried her on a barge to a pen made of nets.

They gave her a checkup. She weighed 1,240 pounds and was 11 feet long. They treated her for worms and an infection.

Springer's low weight confirmed that she was starving. She was slow to eat, and they found that she needed body fluids. (Orcas get the water they need from their food.) After she was given water through a tube, she began to eat salmon.

She Springs Back

A month later, Springer was healthy. She was lifted to a cradle on the deck of a large boat. Eleven hours later, she arrived at Johnstone Strait, British Columbia—in the waters where her pod swims during the summer. There she was placed in another net pen.

That night Dr. Barrett-Lennard and others sat quietly in a boat next to Springer's pen. They wore earphones attached to underwater microphones to listen for orca calls. After midnight, they heard the calls of Springer's pod. "She went crazy," said Dr. Barrett-Lennard. "She pushed against the net. Her calls were so loud they

practically blew our earphones off."

The next afternoon, the scientists released Springer. At first, she and her pod were cautious about coming together. She stayed within a mile of her pod for several days but did not join them. Then, Springer was seen swimming with the pod.

Springer's New Mother

However, the scientists' worries were not over. "The hardest time, a nail-biting time, is waiting through the winter," said

Dr. Barrett-Lennard. Of all the orca deaths each year, most take place in the winter. Searching for food in stormy seas, orcas often travel a hundred miles a day. The scientists wondered if Springer could keep up.

On July 10, 2003, headlines read, "Springer Is Back!" She was swimming in her home waters. Her older cousin was acting as her mother. Dr. Barrett-Lennard said, "I am finally confident in saying that our efforts to rescue, rehabilitate, and release Springer have been successful." 4



Identifying Orcas

Scientists began studying the orcas near Washington and British Columbia in the early 1970s. These resident orcas travel in family groups, or *pods*, as they pursue their favorite food, salmon. A pod is a family group related to one female. Springer's pod was named after an older relative called A-4. Scientists name each newborn orca with a number, such as A-73.

Using underwater microphones, scientists found that orcas communicate with high-pitched clicks, squeals, and squeaks. Each pod has its own calls.

Scientists use photographs to keep a record of each orca. They know each orca by the unique gray or white patch across its back, behind the big *dorsal fin*, and by nicks on the dorsal fin.



What Floats?

By Marilyn Kratz



In this tiny pond . . .



In this tiny pond, I floated
a dandelion flower . . .



In this tiny pond, I floated
a dandelion flower and
two big leaves . . .



In this tiny pond, I floated
a dandelion flower, two
big leaves, and a crooked
twig . . .



In this tiny pond, I floated
a dandelion flower, two
big leaves, a crooked twig,
and an empty eggshell . . .



In this tiny pond, I floated
a dandelion flower, two
big leaves, a crooked twig,
and an empty eggshell,
but my shoe sank!

Jokes

Derian: "Was there any money on Noah's ark?"

Amy: "I don't think so."

Derian: "Yes, there was. A duck had a bill, a frog had a green back, and a skunk had a scent."

Derian Hostetler, Tennessee

Danny: "What do you call a gorilla wearing earmuffs?"

Dan: "I don't know. What?"

Danny: "It doesn't matter. He can't hear you!"

Luke Street, North Carolina

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Annette.

Annette who?

Annette catches more fish than a hook.

Josh Gillis, Oregon

Three guys were camping out in the desert.

The first guy brought water in case they got thirsty. The second guy brought food in case they got hungry. The third guy brought a car door.

"Why did you bring a car door?" the other two asked.

"So we can roll down the window in case we get hot," he said.

Caitlin Rue, Indiana

Nurse: "There's an invisible man in the waiting room."

Doctor: "Tell him I'm sorry, but I can't see him right now!"

Kristen Morton, Florida

Blake: "My dog's the smartest in town. He can say his own name in perfect English."

Alice: "What's his name?"

Blake: "Ruff."

Jessica Mathew, Texas

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Utah.

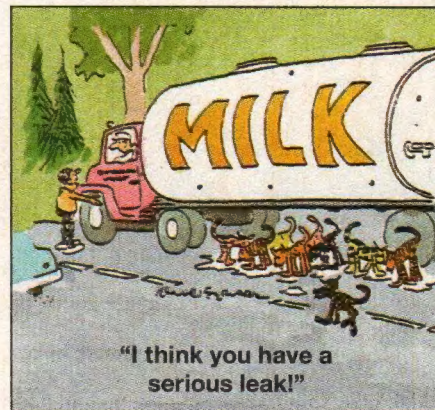
Utah who?

Utah-kin' to me?

Kelsey Berkel, Minnesota

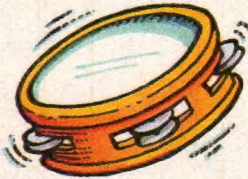
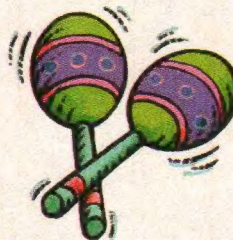
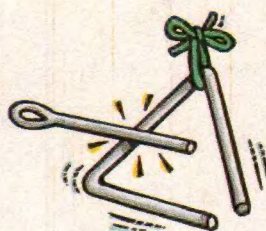
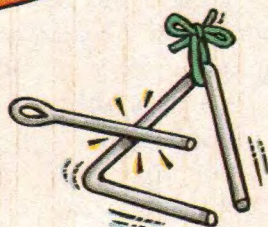
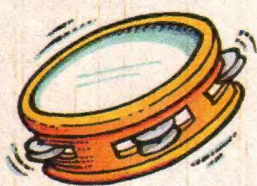
Send the funniest joke or the best riddle you've ever heard, with your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code), to

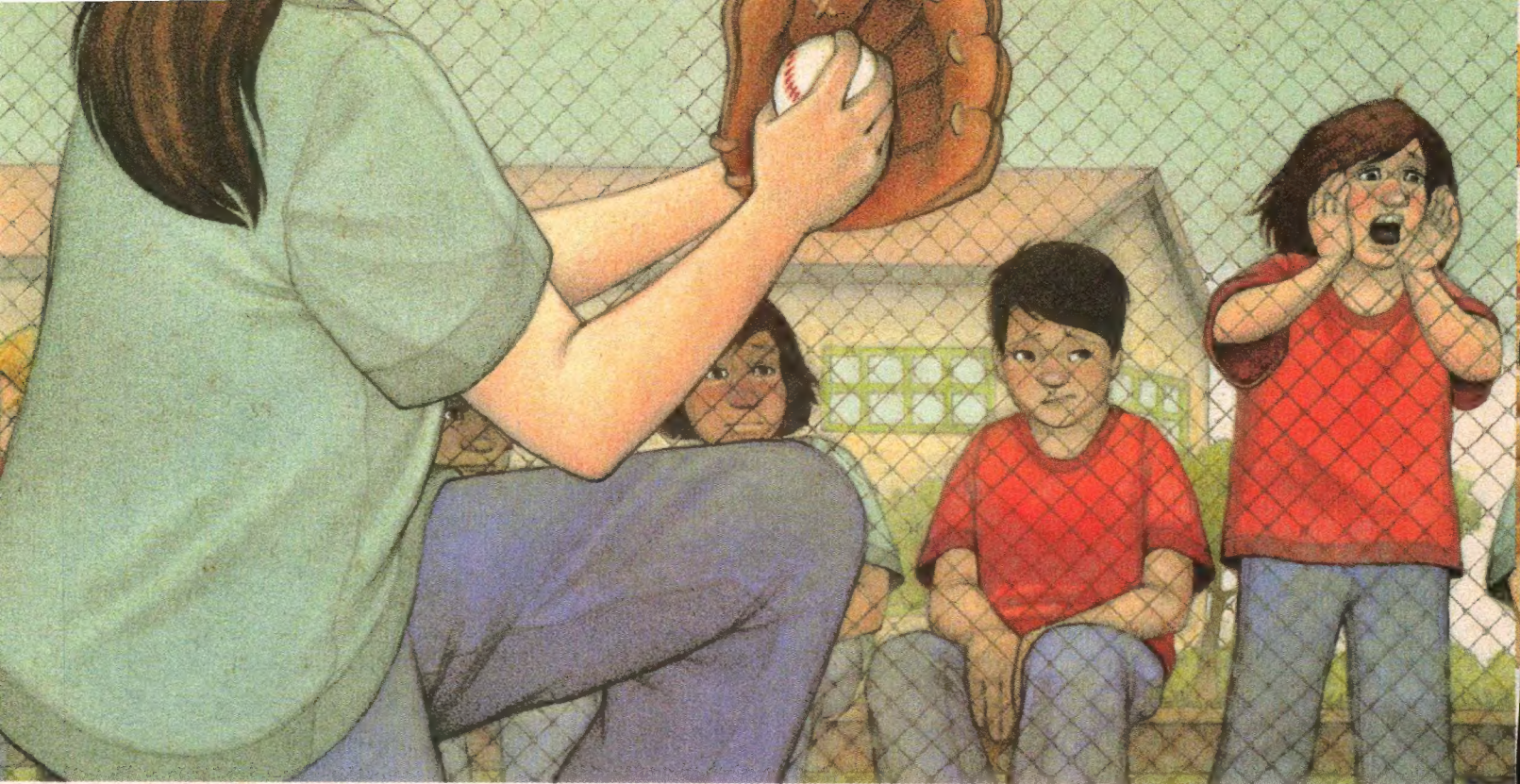
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Matching

Look at each instrument on the left. Find one like it on the right.





All the Way to the

By Sandra Beswetherick

"Here's an easy out," Wade says from behind his catcher's mask.

"Don't listen to him," I tell Nicole as she goes up to bat.

It's spring, and for the past three weeks that's meant baseball in gym class. Teams. With me and my best friend, Nicole, almost always being chosen last.

"Everyone move in!" calls Amanda, signaling to the fielders from the pitcher's mound.

"You'll be sorry!" I shout.

"Yeah, right," Wade says as he squats down behind home plate.

**Just
because
Nicole and I are
small doesn't
mean we aren't
good.**

Brandon, the best baseball player in the whole school, collapses on third base and yawns. "Hurry up, shrimp. Don't take all day."

Shrimp. That's what practically everyone at school calls Nicole and me.

The shrimps. It isn't our fault we're the smallest.

And just because we're small doesn't mean we aren't good.

"Ignore him, Nicole," I say from our bench behind home plate. "What he says doesn't matter."

Nicole glances back at me.

At least I *wish* it didn't matter. It'll get you down if you let it.

"You can hit that ball!" I say.

"I've seen you!"

"Yeah? Where?" asks Laura,

sitting beside me on the bench.

"In the city park next to her house," I say right back. "Last Saturday."

Laura doesn't believe me. No one does. No one believes that Nicole can clobber that ball. And it's making Nicole not believe it, too. Her body's all stiff. She's standing all wrong. She's choking up too far on the bat.

Amanda pitches. The ball goes way up, then drops down. Why can't she pitch to Nicole the same way she pitches to everyone else?

Nicole swings hard, misses, and spins like a top.

Ron, the first baseman, laughs. Brandon, lying on his back, folds his hands under his head, using third base as a pillow. Even Ms. Perce makes a face that says *ouch*.

"Nicole, you can do it!" I say.



Duck Pond

"Just pretend you're in the park, like last Saturday!"

Last Saturday—when we didn't play on teams. When we just took turns with the neighborhood kids. And when no one called us shrimps or dared to move in from the outfield when we were at bat.

Nicole looks at me again. This time she smiles, I think, even though the smile is crooked. But she fixes her grip on the bat.

Amanda pitches really slowly again. It's as if the ball will never reach home plate. But Nicole leans forward and swings.

Thunk!

She hits it! For the first time ever at school, she actually hits it! The ball pops up, then bounces to the ground behind her. Foul ball.

"You can do it!"

"See, Nicole?" I shout. "You *can* hit that ball!"

"Big deal," Laura says. "It didn't go anywhere."

"Hit it again!" I yell, ignoring Laura. "Harder!"

Nicole's smile isn't so crooked anymore. She takes a deep breath and lets it out. She spreads her feet wider apart and bends her knees a little. Then she takes a few practice swings.

Nicole's getting ready to show everyone. I just know it. She's going to blast that ball like she did last Saturday when she whammed it into the duck pond.

"Action, at last!" It's Brandon on third. He's standing up, getting ready. "Let's see you really slam it." This time he isn't teasing.

Nicole glances in his direction.

Her smile grows wider. She takes one more practice swing.

Amanda throws the ball. It's another slow one.

"Come on, Nicole!" My hands are clenched together in a knot. "Hit it all the way to the duck pond!" I don't care if nobody but Nicole understands what I mean.

Nicole steps forward, bringing the bat back over her shoulder. I squeeze my hands even tighter and almost close my eyes.

Craaack!

The ball sails high over Amanda's head. Amanda stands there with her mouth hanging open, watching it go. And the fielders—for a second, it's as if their feet grew roots into the ground.

"Run, Nicole!" I holler.

She crosses first base, then keeps going, to second and third. Dust flies up behind her.

"Home, Nicole!" I'm jumping up and down, going wild. I'm the only one cheering because everyone else is too surprised. Even Ms. Perce looks amazed as Nicole goes tearing past her.


"Yeesss!" I scream.

It's a home run! A for-real home run! I knew she could do it. Nicole knew it, too. She just needed someone to help her believe.

"Hey, shrimp—I mean, Nicole," Brandon calls. "All right!"

The way Nicole crosses home plate—it's as if she made home runs every day of the week. Then she picks up the bat and hands it to me. "Your turn," she says, smiling.

"OK!" yells Amanda to the fielders. "Everyone spread out!"

I step up to home plate, bat in my hands, ready for whatever pitches come my way. 

Don't

"Do you hear that *whooooop, whooooop, whooooop* coming from the swamp?"

"Yes," I said. "What is it?" I was a young biology student, new to the rain forest of eastern Ecuador.

"It's a South American bullfrog," whispered Bill Duellman, an expert on frogs. "Let's catch it. I'd like to photograph it."

Surprise!

We followed the *whooooops* until Bill whispered, "There it is. I'll shine my flashlight in its eyes so it won't jump. You sneak up behind it. When you get close, catch it with both hands."

"OK." I tiptoed up behind the frog and gently picked it up.

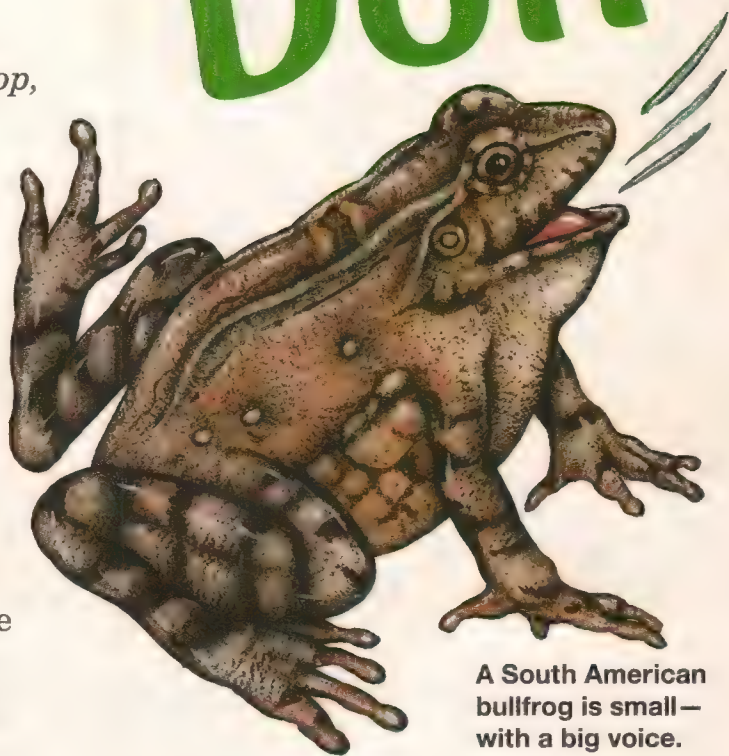
"*Yeowwww!*" bellowed the bullfrog.

I dropped it, and it hopped into a tangle of vines and disappeared.

"I'm sorry I lost the frog," I said.

Bill chuckled. "I knew you would drop it," he said.

I had fallen for Bill's trick. This frog screams to defend itself against animals that want to eat it. The



A South American bullfrog is small—with a big voice.

predator is surprised and drops the frog, just as I had.

"How are your hands?" he asked.

"Slimy." I held out my gooey palms.

That turned out to be another part of the frog's defense. "Even if you could still see the frog you wouldn't want to catch it again, right?"

"Right," I said, trying to wipe off my sticky hands. Yuck.

Other Defenses Work, Too

Since that first field trip to Ecuador, I've seen many other ways that frogs defend themselves.

In Chile, I placed a little brown-and-green Darwin's frog on a leaf to take its picture. It quickly flipped

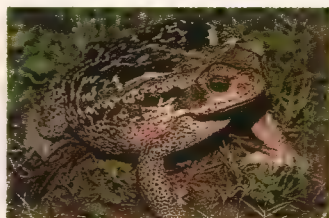


Eat Me!

Some frogs say it loud and clear.



A Darwin's frog plays dead.



A puffed-up rococo toad looks too big to eat.



A horned tree frog can give a nasty nip.



A redbelly toad warns, "Don't touch."

over onto its back, flopped its legs out to the side, and played dead. When a frog stays still, a predator might not recognize it as food.

Years ago, my seven-year-old daughter was helping me count rococo toads in Argentina. Karen picked up a toad, and it puffed its body to nearly twice its normal size. (When a toad puffs up, a predator might think the animal is too big to eat.) Then the toad urinated in Karen's hand. She quickly put the toad back on the ground. The toad's defense had worked.

Once, a horned tree frog from Ecuador opened its bright-orange mouth at me. That's odd, I thought. Most frogs don't bite to defend themselves. I wiggled my finger near its mouth. *Chomp!* It was my turn to bellow "*Yeowwww!*" This unusual frog had just bitten me with two fang-like

teeth in its bottom jaw.

Some frogs protect themselves with poisonous skin. Many of these frogs are brightly colored as a warning to predators: "Don't eat me!"

Other poisonous frogs, like the redbelly toad, are brown and blend in with their surroundings. But they have brightly colored undersides. In Argentina, a redbelly toad flipped over and arched its back when I bent down to look at it. By showing its bright-red belly, the toad warned: "Don't touch. I'm poisonous."

Just because frogs and toads don't have shells or claws or beaks, don't think they can't protect themselves. They can—and they do. 🐸

Check out some noisy frogs on HighlightsKids.com.



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Bears Fishing

By Kit Wray



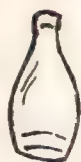
In this big picture find the ring, puppy, horseshoe, nail, mushroom, needle, mitten, pigeon, lizard, mug, snake, and bottle.

Riddles

Can you find these
Hidden Pictures®
on page 14?



horseshoe



bottle



pigeon



puppy



ring



nail



mug



lizard



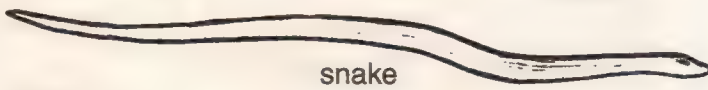
mushroom



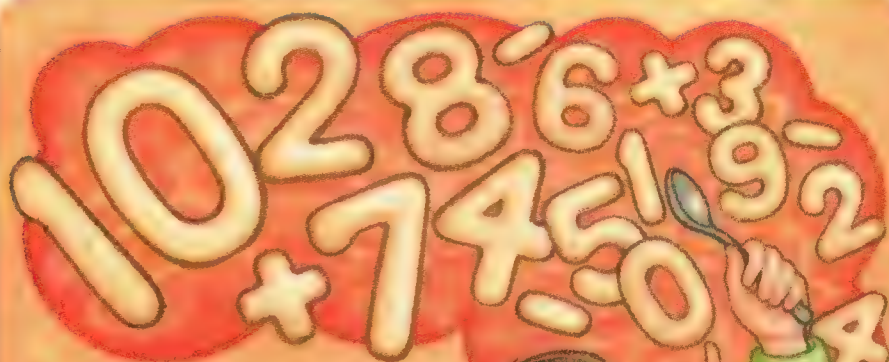
mitten



needle



snake



Number Soup

Number soup, number soup,
Throws your lunchtime for a loop.
Just can't eat it—too distracting.
You keep adding and subtracting.
2 and 5 add up to 7.
1 and 1 construct 11—
Subtract 8 and quick as can be,
You will have to find a 3.
There's a 6, or (spin it round)
Could it be a 9 you've found?
Haven't had a spoonful yet?
That's why soup is alphabet.

—M.W. Penn

1. What state is round on the sides and high in the middle?

Alissa Holmgren, Minnesota

2. How do you say "Good morning" to a French skeleton?

Henry McEwen, Massachusetts

3. What do you call a turtle that stays awake at night and sleeps during the day?

Caroline Drury, Tennessee

4. Where can everyone find money?

M.L.K. Shreya, India

5. What starts with an e, ends with an e, and contains only one letter?

Amanda Ashley, Illinois

6. Why did the chicken cross the playground?

Joseph DiCarlo, New York

7. What do snakes do after they argue?

Danielle DeBry, Georgia

8. How many roaches does it take to screw in a light bulb?

Justin Wiand, Pennsylvania

9. Why is basketball the messiest sport?

Jaelyn Fischer, Wisconsin

10. What happens when a pig loses its voice?

Christian Brading, Texas

11. What do you put on a sting from a jellyfish?

Caitlin Hunter, Florida

12. A cowboy rides into town on Friday. He stays three days, then leaves on Friday. How does he do it?

Quinn Gondek, New Jersey

Answers:

1. Ohio. 2. "Bone-four." 3. Nocturtle. 4. In the dictionary. 5. An envelope. 6. To get to the other slide. 7. They make up and hissss. 8. You can't tell. 9. Because you dribble all over the floor. 10. It becomes disgruntled. 11. Peanut butter. 12. His horse's name is Friday.

A Tree Needs

Oscar leaped up onto the porch and bounded into the house. He unzipped his backpack, pulled out a plastic bag, and ran to find Mamá.

"Mamá, look!" shouted Oscar. He opened the bag to reveal a baby tree, roots and all. "We got them at school for Arbor Day."

"How exciting!" said Mamá.

Oscar looked at the tree. "But I don't know where to plant it."

Mamá smiled. "It needs a special place. When we moved here from Mexico, I was a little girl. I didn't have any friends. Our new house had a big backyard with an oak tree. My father hung a swing from it, and I'd swing for hours. One day, a little girl came over and asked if she could swing with me. It was Claudia."

Oscar nodded. Claudia was Mamá's best friend. "Maybe someday this tree will grow big enough for a swing," he said. "I'll go show Abuelito and Abuelita!"

Oscar sprinted downstairs to his grandparents' apartment.

Abuelito, Oscar's grandfather, opened the door. "¡Hola, Oscar!"

"Look, Abuelito! I got a tree at school for Arbor Day," Oscar said. "But I don't know where to plant it. We don't have a big backyard like Mamá did."

Abuelito smoothed back his graying hair. "No, but we'll find a place for it," he said. He squatted down to look at the tree. "Back in Mexico, the sun is so strong at midday that everyone must take a break. A huge paloverde tree grew at the edge of our cornfield. I loved to rest in its shade."

Abuelita laughed. "I can still picture you there!" She put her

hand on Oscar's shoulder. "Let me tell you about *my* favorite trees," she said. "My mamá loved to make *agua de limón*. It's like lemonade, but it's made with limes. Lime trees grew everywhere in my town! Mamá would send me out to pick the limes, then she'd let me stir the water, juice, and sugar. We'd use colorful straws to sip our cool green drinks."

"Mmmm, sounds good," said Oscar.

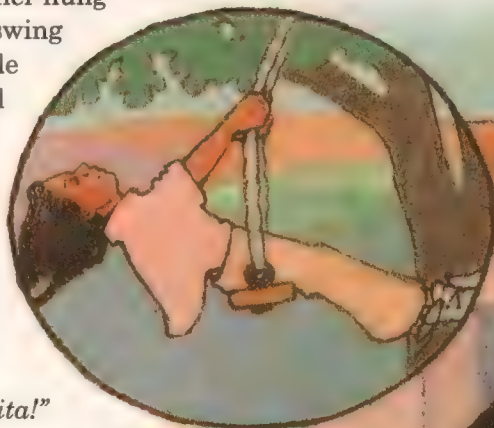
"I'll make it for you sometime," said Abuelita. "Now go find a spot to plant *your* tree."

"I will!" said Oscar. He raced up the steps and out the front door. Just as he stepped onto the porch, Papá pulled up in his car.

"What do you have there?" asked Papá.

Oscar showed him the tree.

Papá smiled. "When I was a boy in Michigan, my father



a Special Place

By Lyda Williamson

would always make *guacamole* with avocados from the store."

Oscar nodded. He liked the tasty green dip.

"He'd mix it up and talk about Mexico. One time he saved the avocado seed. We put it in water. Every day, I watched it. Soon a tiny

green sprout appeared. It became a baby tree. We nursed it along, then planted it in the ground."

"Did avocados grow on it, Papá?" asked Oscar.

"No, it couldn't survive the cold winter," Papá said. "But I'll always remember that special time with my father."

Oscar's sister walked up the sidewalk toward them.

"Magdalena, look!" Oscar held up the tree. "But I need a place to plant it."

"Let's see," said Magdalena. "At our old house, when you were a baby, a huge poplar tree grew near our sidewalk. It was taller than every other tree around. Wherever I was in town, I could always see our tree high above everything else."

Oscar glanced at the wide strip of grass between their sidewalk and the street. It was the perfect place! "Thanks, Magdalena—I'm going to plant my tree right here."

The sun was beginning to set. By now, the rest of Oscar's family had come outside to see where Oscar would plant his tree.


Oscar read the planting directions. "Every fall, this sugar maple will turn a brilliant red-orange. To plant it, dig a hole twice the size of the roots. Place the roots in the hole, and fill it with dirt. Water the tree often for the first year."

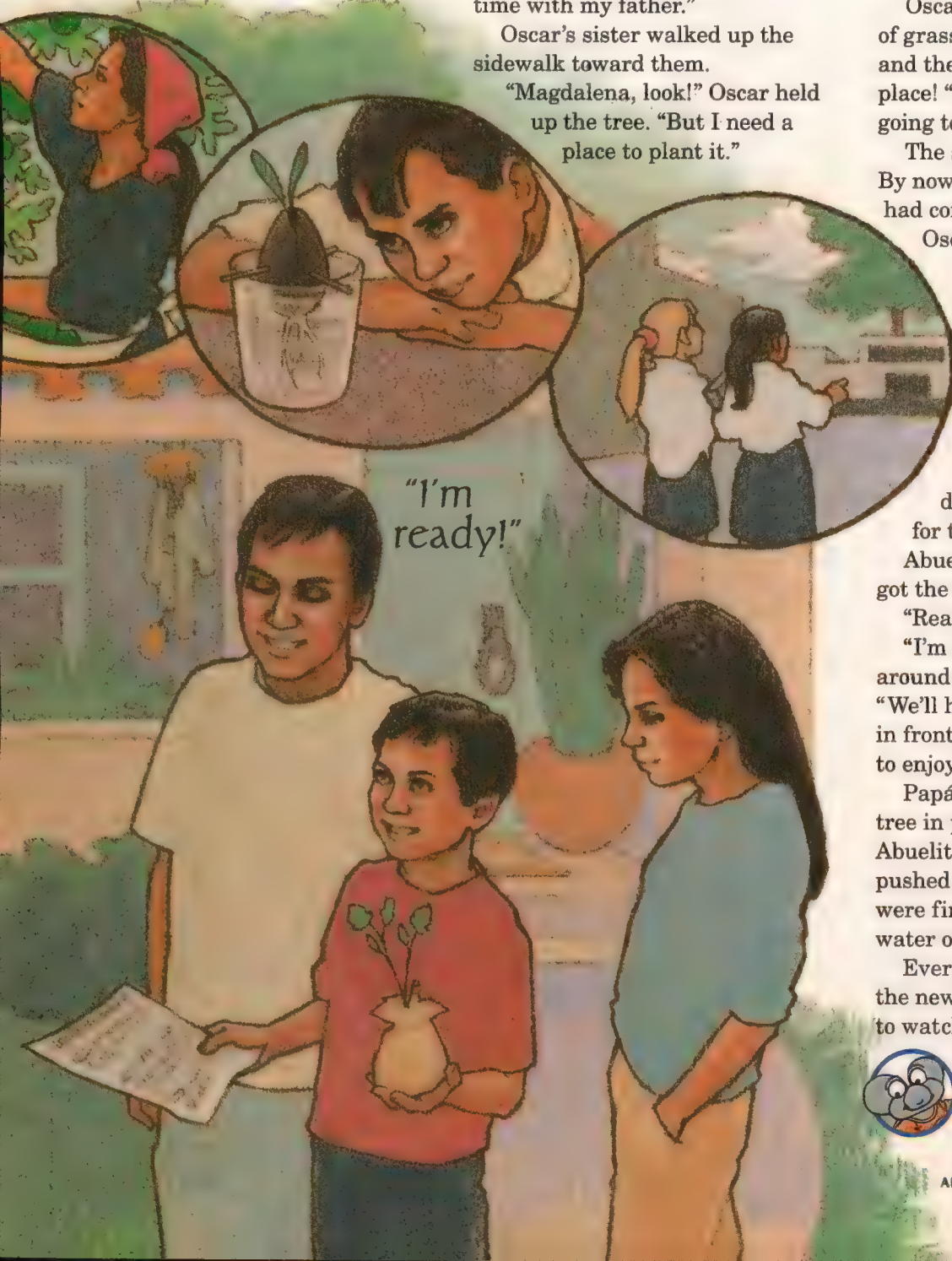
Abuelito got the shovel. Mamá got the watering can.

"Ready, Oscar?" asked Papá.

"I'm ready!" Oscar looked around at his family and grinned. "We'll have a beautiful tree right in front of our house for all of us to enjoy."

Papá dug a hole. Oscar held the tree in place as Magdalena, Abuelita, and Abuelito gently pushed dirt around it. When they were finished, Mamá sprinkled water on top.

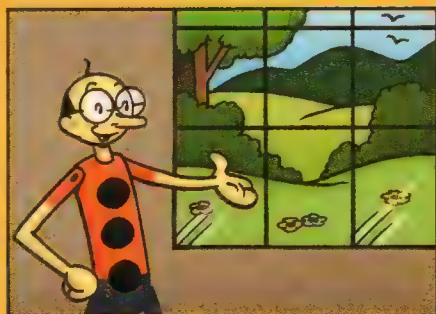
Everyone stood back to admire the new tree. Oscar couldn't wait to watch it grow. 



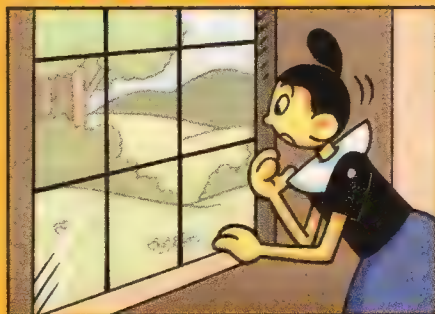
Do you like trees? Try the
Fantastic Forest Puzzle on
HighlightsKids.com.

THE TIMBERTOES[®]

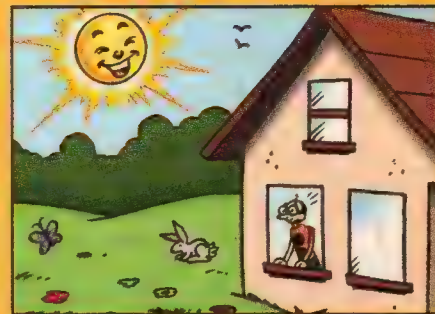
By Marileta Robinson • Illustrated by Ron Zalme



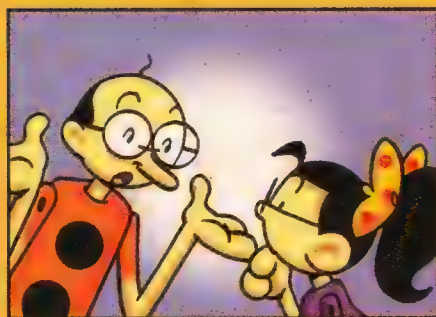
"Let's go for a hike!"



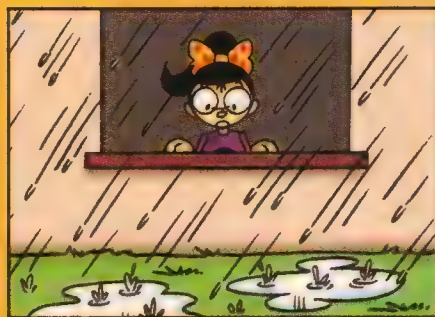
"It's too foggy," said Ma.



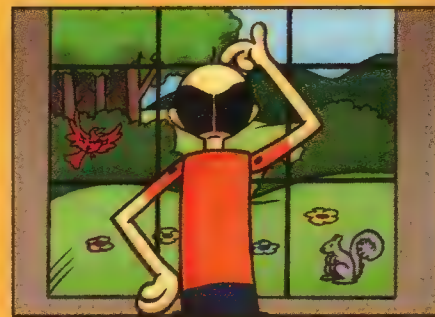
Pa saw the sun shining.



"It's a beautiful day."



"But it's raining."



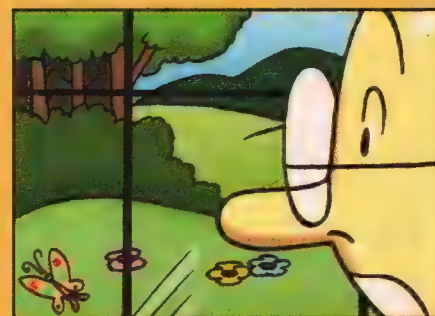
Pa was puzzled.



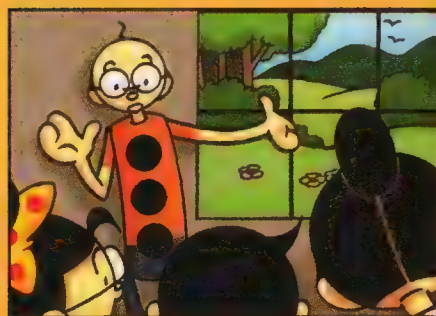
"The weather is perfect."



"Except for the snow."



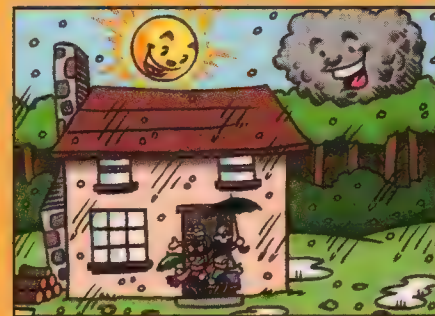
Pa looked again.



"See? Sunshine."



"OK, let's go."



"April Fool!"

There's some of Goofus and Gallant in us all.
When the Gallant shines through, we show our best self.

Dillon and Tanner Lynch

Dillon and Tanner Lynch love reading. And they want other kids to love it, too. Last year, the brothers noticed that many kids in their Colorado grade school just didn't seem to enjoy books, even though many of them were getting high grades. That's why Dillon, who was eleven, and Tanner, who was eight, started "Kids Teaching Kids," a program designed to help kids in first through fourth grade develop an appreciation for books.

To get the program going, the brothers applied for a grant from the National Education Association. They described what they hoped to achieve. This was probably the hardest part of the whole project, Dillon says. "But it was worth it." The boys were awarded five hundred dollars for supplies. They were the youngest people to receive the Youth Leaders for Literacy award.

From the start, 30 kids—the maximum number the brothers agreed to have in the program—attended the after-school meetings. Dillon and Tanner gave out books and discussed ways to have a good time reading.

Ten Times the Fun

One way that Dillon, a fan of fiction, enjoys a book is by pretending that he's the main character. He encouraged other students to try this method of reading. "It makes a book ten times more fun," he says.

Tanner, who likes all kinds of books but especially sports books and funny picture books, talks about "reading with enthusiasm." Dillon or Tanner would read a piece aloud in a dull voice without stopping. Then they would read the same piece using dramatic pauses and changing



Tanner and Dillon pose with their dog, T.D.

"It makes
a book ten times
more fun."

—Dillon

their voices with the mood of the story. The kids in the program liked this exercise. "I saw my students begin to do this independently after attending Kids Teaching Kids for just a few weeks," says Sara Watson, a teacher at their school.

The students all had the chance to write and publish their own books. "I especially liked making my own book," says Hudson, age seven, who had attended the program.


Kids as Teachers

The hardest thing about running a program for other kids was keeping them calm, Tanner says. "They can be really loud." Ms. Watson and another teacher helped the kids settle down so that the boys could concentrate on the sessions.

Still, Ms. Watson says that the boys' young age was a plus. "They were able to interact with the participating students in a way classroom teachers cannot."

Dillon and Tanner say they would definitely run Kids Teaching Kids again, but next time they would include fifth-graders.

Dillon is now twelve and Tanner is nine.

Highlights is proud to know these Gallant Kids. 

Thinking

These kids want to travel someday to interesting places.

- What could they use to locate places to visit?
- How could they find out the distance to each place? Which time zone it is in? If it is in the same hemisphere?
- How might they travel there?
- Who could help them find the information they need?
- Where do you think each kid might want to go? Why?
- Would you like to travel someday? Where?



Science Letters

Illustrated by Jack Myers, Ph.D., Senior Science Editor



Sour Milk

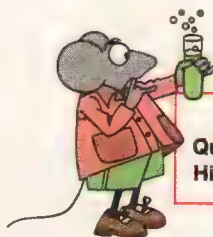
How does milk sour?

Amanda McDowell, Age 8
Tennessee

Milk contains a sugar called *lactose*. There are bacteria that make their living by causing lactose to react with oxygen to make *lactic acid*. Like other acids, lactic acid is sour.

Today most milk is *pasteurized*. It's heated to about 150 degrees Fahrenheit to kill most bacteria.

If milk is handled in a sanitary manner and kept cool (except for pasteurizing) all the way from the cow to your table, it may take a long time for bacteria to grow and make it sour.



Find Science
Questions galore on
HighlightsKids.com.

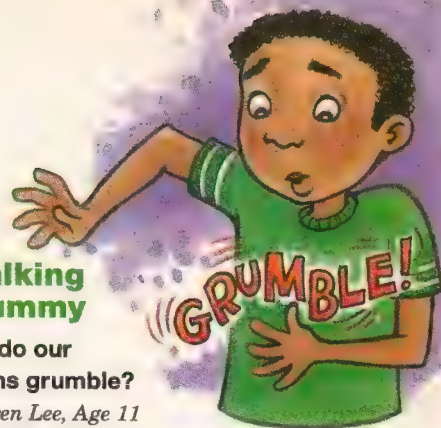
Talking Tummy

How do our stomachs grumble?

Lauren Lee, Age 11
Massachusetts

The noise probably does not come from the stomach. It comes from the rather violent churning that goes on all the time in the long tube below your stomach, the *intestine*. The noise is more noticeable when the intestine also contains bubbles of gas produced by the many helpful bacteria that live there.

I think you will hear noises from movements of the intestines almost any time you put your ear against someone's tummy. Sometimes the noises are louder, and then you may say that your stomach is "grumbling." That rumbling is called *borborygmus* (BOR-buh-RIG-muss). That may not be a very useful word for most of us, but it's fun to say.



Check . . .



and Double Check



MARTIN FILCHOCK

There are at least twenty-two differences in these two pictures. How many can you find?



Belly Flops and Gutter Balls

By JoLynne Ricker Whalen



Lewis loved sports. He watched them on TV. He listened to them on the radio. He read about them in the newspaper.

One day, Lewis decided that he wanted to be an athlete.

"I want to find a sport that I'm good at," he said.

"I will help you find one," said his friend Kirby.

They went to the golf course. Lewis picked up a golf club and placed the ball on the tee. He swung the club hard, but he missed the ball entirely. A clump of grass flew into the air and landed on Kirby's head.

"Golf is not for me," said Lewis.

They went to the swimming pool.



Lewis climbed the ladder and stood on the diving board. He took five running steps and sprang into the air. He hit the water with a stinging *smack!*

Kirby got soaked.

"Diving is not for me," said Lewis.

They went to the bowling alley. Lewis held the bowling ball and faced



"Surfing is not for me."

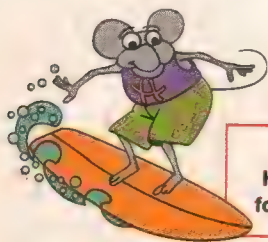
the pins. He hopped and skipped, then let the ball go. It bounced into the next lane and rolled into the gutter.

"Bowling is not for me," said Lewis.

They went to the tennis courts. Lewis tossed the ball into the air and hit it with the racket. The tennis ball flew right into the net.

"Tennis is not for me," said Lewis.

Lewis loved sports. He wanted to learn the basics. He wanted to feel the excitement. He wanted to enjoy the thrill of



Surf over to
HighlightsKids.com
for some sports tips!

winning. Lewis did not give up.

They went to the beach. Lewis hopped on a surfboard and caught the waves. He swerved to the left, leaned to the right, and tumbled off the board.

"Surfing is not for me," said Lewis.

Lewis tried volleyball, hockey, skiing, and soccer. He tried boxing, fishing, football, and wrestling. He tried track, basketball, table tennis, and archery. Who would have thought that finding a sport would be so difficult?

Lewis sighed. "I've tried everything," he said. "And I'm not good at anything."

Kirby agreed. Lewis had made every possible mistake in every sport!

"But, Lewis, you've only tried each sport once," said Kirby. "A good athlete needs practice."

"Practice?" asked Lewis. "You mean I won't be good right away?"

"That's right," answered Kirby.

Lewis smiled. "Well, I'd better start practicing!"



Science Corner

I wonder . . .
why the dog is burying the bone.



That is a built-in habit that all kinds of dogs have. When dogs were hunters in the wild, they never knew when they would find another meal. So they saved leftovers by burying them.

How Full Is It?

A barrel has water in it. You have nothing to use to measure the water. How can you tell if the barrel is half-full?

Answer on page 36.



"Bless you, Fred!"

See for Yourself

In the spring, mark one leaf of a plant by tying yarn loosely around its stem. Measure the leaf once each week for a month. How fast did it grow?



DINOSAUR DAYS



Write to "Dino Don" Lessem

Do you have a dinosaur drawing, joke, question, or other contribution for Dino Don? Include your name, age, and complete address, and mail to
Dino Don, HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Since snakes are reptiles and some species are venomous with fangs, did any dinosaurs have venom and fangs?

*S.C. Latané, Age 10
Virginia*

So far, no one has found any dinosaur fossils that look like fangs for injecting venom.

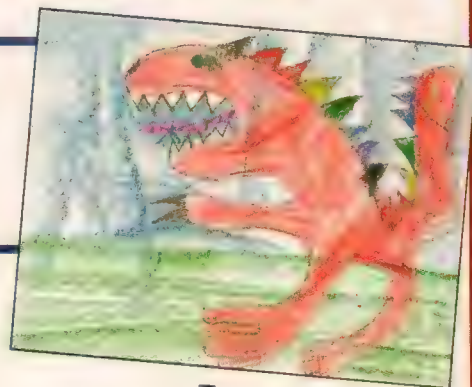
Actually, dinosaurs were distant cousins of reptiles. At one time, scientists thought dinosaurs were reptiles. But many differences have since

been found. Three of them are the swan-like curve of the dinosaurs' necks, the position of their legs under the body, and the meat eaters' bones, which are hollow, like a bird's. So dinosaurs were their own group of animals.

Did dinosaur dragons ever live?

*Tal Oran, Age 7
Florida*

Dragons are imaginary, and dinosaurs were real. However,

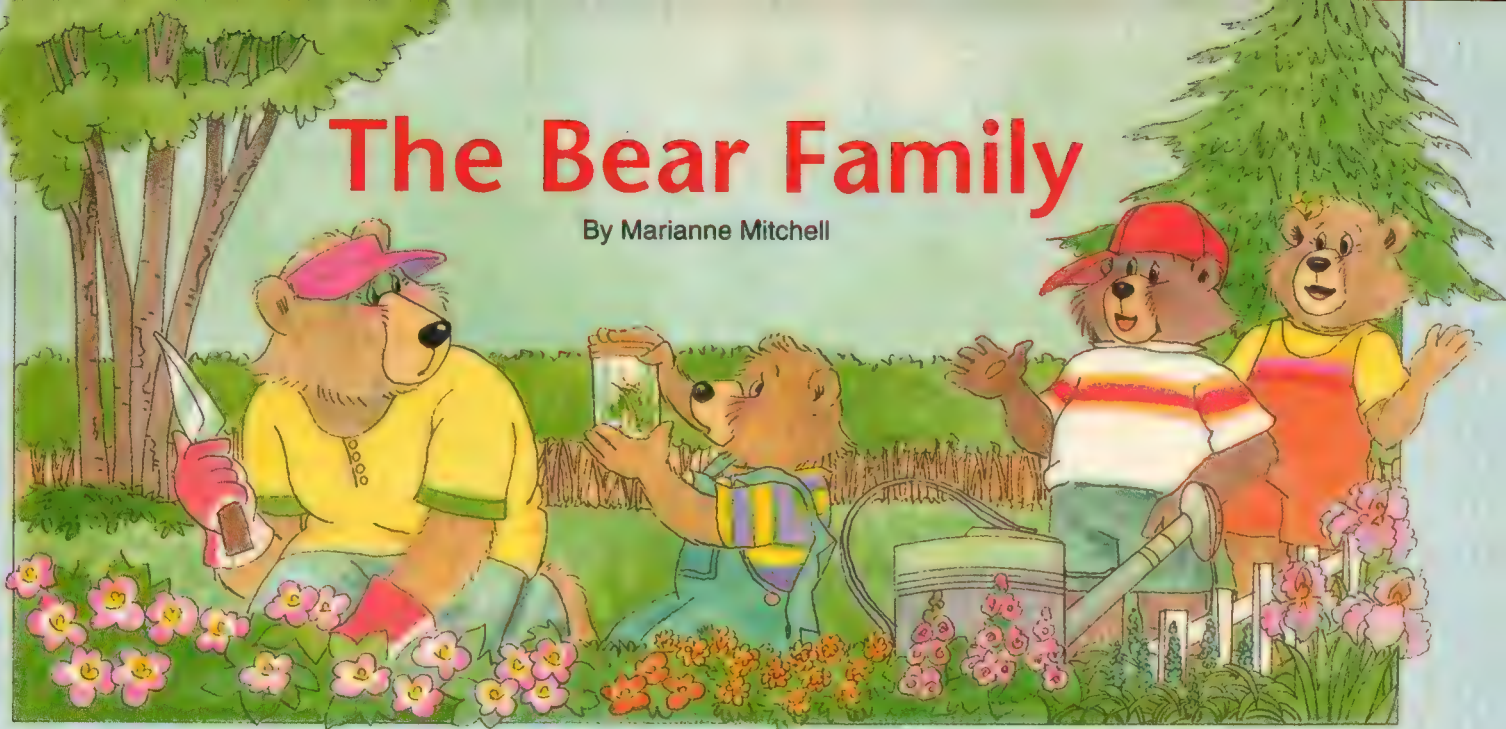


*T. rex
Daniel Dobrinski, Age 5
New York*

dragons are "relatives" of dinosaurs in one sense. The myth of dragons might have been inspired in many cultures by the discovery of dinosaur bones, which people had trouble explaining. In Chinese, the word for dragon and dinosaur, *konglong*, is the same.

The Bear Family

By Marianne Mitchell



Poozy: Has anyone seen my magnifying glass?

Woozy: Or my book on insects?



Piddy: I borrowed them to look for bugs in the garden.



Mom: Shouldn't you ask permission to borrow things?

Piddy: I was afraid they'd say no. I'm sorry.



Woozy: We don't mind sharing things with you, Piddy.

Poozy: Just ask us first, OK?



Piddy: OK. You can ask to borrow my bugs anytime!

Poozy: What a pal!

Crafts

Hang around with these animals!

By Traci Sikkink

Bunny Bank

1. Cover a 5-inch cardboard tube with construction paper.
2. Glue paper ears and a ribbon loop just inside the top of the tube, and glue the tube closed.
3. For a face, glue on ribbon whiskers, a pompom nose, pompom cheeks, and wiggle eyes. Ask an adult to cut a coin slot in the back.
4. Flatten the bottom of the tube in the opposite direction from the top. Punch holes along the bottom, and lace the tube closed with ribbon.



Duck Shaker

1. Repeat steps 1 and 2 from the Bunny Bank, replacing the paper ears with a feather.
2. Drop some beads in the tube. Glue two paper feet to the bottom of the tube, and glue it closed.
3. For a face, glue on a paper beak and wiggle eyes. Cut out paper wings, then glue them to the back of the duck.



Decorate your table with Passover place cards

By Kathy Ross



1. For each cup, cut out a 2-inch square from colored paper. Roll the paper into a cone. Glue the seam closed, then trim the top to make the edge even.
2. Fold half of a 2-inch-long silver chenille stick upward. Spiral the other half of the stem around the straight half of the stem. Slide the point of the cup onto the straight stem.
3. Glue the spiral and cup to the corner of a 2-inch-by-4-inch piece of poster board.
4. Decorate the cup with sequins, and glue a strip of trim across the bottom of the card. Write a guest's name on the card.
5. Repeat steps 1 through 4 to make a card for each guest.

Let this meteor ball streak across the sky

By Jean Kuhn

1. Set a tennis ball near one corner of a 22-inch-square scarf or piece of lightweight fabric.
2. Wrap the corner fabric around the ball, and secure the fabric with string.
3. Go outside to practice swinging the ball by the tail of the fabric and letting it go. Try to control where the meteor ball lands.



You Can Make

**Create a cast
of puppet
characters from
envelopes
and old
magazines.**

**Craft
Challenge!**



**These butterflies flutter
and sway**

By Caroline Hatton

1. Press a ball of **craft clay** into the bottom half of a **plastic egg**.
2. Stick three 5-inch-long **chenille sticks** into the clay.
3. Cut out three butterflies from **tissue paper**. Decorate their wings.
4. Poke the tip of each chenille stick through the center of a butterfly, and secure it with **glue**. The slightest breeze will start the butterflies fluttering.

Find **your** way through a drinking-straw **maze**

By James W. Perrin, Jr.

1. Line a **shoebox lid** with **paper**.
2. Cut **drinking straws** into different lengths, and make a maze from the pieces.
3. When you are satisfied with the maze, glue the straw pieces in place. Draw **Go** and **Stop** signs at the start and finish of the maze.
4. Shape a piece of **foil** into a small ball.

To Play: Place the ball on the Go sign. Tilt the box lid to guide the ball to the Stop sign. Time yourself, or race your friends.



Go to HighlightsKids.com,
and design your own
mazes online!

Dancing in the Rain

By Karen Kellen

Plop,

plop! Ashley looked up.

Something was on the roof.

Ping,

ping,

ping! Something was hitting the windowpane. Ashley ran to the window. She couldn't see the mountains outside because it was raining so hard.

Ashley raced to the kitchen, where her grandmother was making lunch.

"Grandma, it's raining!" she said.

"Yes, I hear it," said Grandma.

"Remember when we sang in the rain?" asked Ashley. "You held up a big red umbrella."

"Yes, sweetheart," said Grandma. She spread peanut butter on two slices of bread. "You held on behind me so we would both stay dry."

"But then we took off our shoes and walked barefoot in the mud!" Ashley said. "I liked how it wiggled between my toes. I liked how the grass tickled the tops of my feet, too."

"You couldn't stop laughing," Grandma teased. She spread grape jelly on two more slices of bread.

"Grandma, remember the puddles?" Ashley asked, leaning forward on the counter. "We jumped in the water and splashed each other. Our legs were covered with mud!"

"We were a mess," Grandma agreed,



laughing. She slapped the bread slices together.

"But, Grandma, I liked it best when we danced in the rain without the umbrella. Our hair got all wet and so did our clothes. Grandma, that was so much fun. Remember?"

"Yes, sweetheart. I had fun dancing in the rain with you."

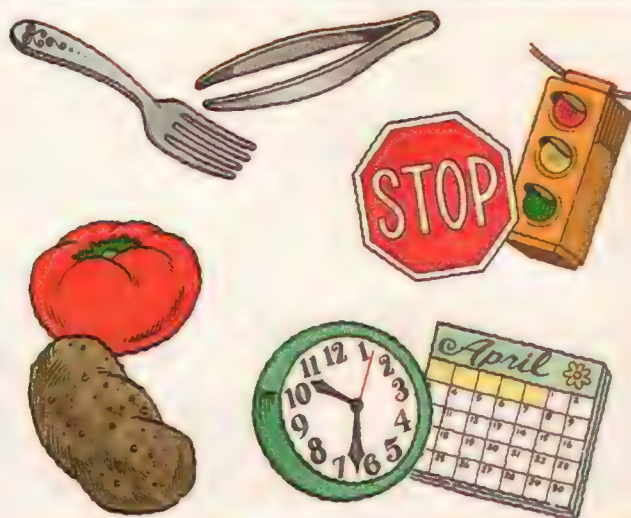
Grandma grinned at Ashley. "Come on!" she said. "We can eat our sandwiches later!"

And Grandma and Ashley slipped off their shoes and ran out into the rain. **W**



"Does your neighbor pay you to mow her lawn?"
 "No, I just do it to help her out."

How are the items in
 each pair alike?



How are
 they different?



Cheryl W. W.

What's Hiding?

There's a creature hiding in this bush! You can see part of it, but we want *you* to draw the rest of it. Send your drawing to

What's Hiding?
 HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
 803 Church Street
 Honesdale, PA 18431

Be sure to include your name, age, and complete address. We must receive your work by May 1, 2005, to consider it for publication.



Seeing



*Even before she held a camera in her hands,
Dorothea Lange captured pictures
in her mind and heart.*

By Sudipta Bardhan

Every day after school, Dorothea Lange walked through the streets of downtown Manhattan, heading for the library where her mother worked. She moved so quietly that no one really noticed her at all. Dorothea didn't mind going unnoticed—it gave her a chance to see the things she wanted to see.

Dorothea had a hard childhood because she felt different from other people. She had a physical disability. When she was seven, the disease called polio had left her with a limp. Also, when she was twelve, her father abandoned the family, leaving her mother to care and provide for them. Dorothea

grew to be a solitary child. She spent many hours alone, watching other people going about their lives.

A World Full of Images

Over time, Dorothea developed a special gift—she saw beauty in things that others didn't even notice. As she walked the streets of New York City, she discovered a world full of images. She saw poor immigrants struggling to make lives for themselves in America. She saw the homeless walking the same streets as the wealthy. Even before she held a camera in her hands, Dorothea captured these pictures in her mind and heart.

One of Dorothea's journeys led

her to the door of Arnold Genthe, a portrait photographer. She didn't have much experience with photography, but in 1914, she convinced Genthe to make her his assistant. He taught her how to take portraits and work with cameras, studio lights, and negatives. She watched everything he did and soon became an accomplished photographer.

Photos Worth Taking

In 1919, camera in hand, Dorothea Lange traveled to San Francisco. She set up her own portrait studio and became successful photographing the rich and famous. Ten years later, when the Great Depression began, things changed for everyone, including Lange.

People all over the country lost their jobs. Businesses closed, and fewer people could afford Lange's portraits. Her business suffered, but she saw this as a mixed blessing. She realized that she wasn't very happy only creating portraits for pay.

Lange struggled to decide what to do next. She took a vacation to help her make a decision. Walking alone in the mountains, she remembered the pictures she had filed away in her heart from her childhood, of bustling markets and hard-working immigrants.

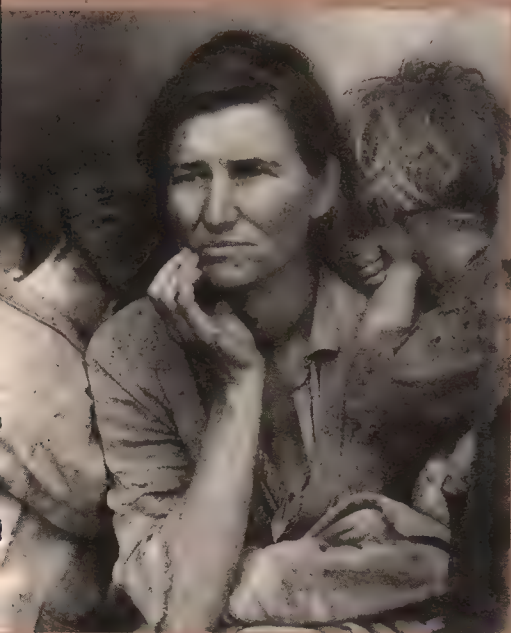
Through Dorothea's Eyes

“A camera is an instrument that teaches people how to see.”

Suddenly, she knew what to do.

“I had to take pictures and concentrate upon people, only people,” she said. “All kinds of people, people who paid me and people who didn’t.”

Lange wandered the streets of San Francisco, just as she had done as a child in New York City. She watched people around her going about their lives. One day, she took a photo of people waiting in a bread line. She hung that photo in her studio with the portraits, and realized that it was more powerful than all of the work she had done before.



This photo of a 32-year-old mother of seven children helped show the poor living conditions of migrant farm workers. (February 1936.)

Struggles and Strength

The state of California soon hired Lange to photograph the living conditions of migrant farm workers. She traveled out of San Francisco to the camps where migrants from the Midwest came to try to find work. In one camp, she came across a woman and her family on the brink of starvation. “I saw and approached the hungry and desperate mother. She said that they had been living on frozen vegetables from the surrounding fields, and birds that the children killed.”

Lange was appalled by the way these families were living. She took photographs of the woman and her children, and of other people in the camp. When people saw those photographs, they were shocked as well. In fact, the federal government rushed 20,000 pounds of food to the workers in that camp, mainly because Lange had brought attention to them.

The pictures Dorothea Lange took during the Great Depression captured people's despair and their hopelessness. But the photos also captured their pride and honor. She saw in these people a determination that even the Great Depression could not take away. Using her camera, Lange kept a record of people who would have otherwise been forgotten. When President Franklin Roosevelt began a program to help those



Children pledging allegiance to the United States flag at Weill public school, San Francisco.

people most affected by the Depression, Dorothea Lange's photographs played an important role in bringing aid to many migrant workers.







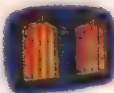
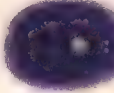
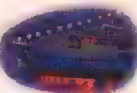

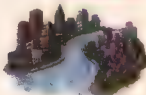
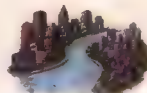
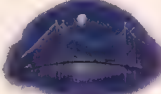
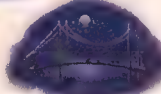




Throughout her life, Lange believed that “a camera is an instrument that teaches people how to see.” She hung her camera around her neck almost every day. The pictures she made decades ago are still teaching us to see that beauty can always be found in the strength and determination of the human spirit. **H**

Visit the photo gallery on HighlightsKids.com.



Bridges at Night

By Pat Lessie

I like to cross our  bridge at night
when all the  city  lights are bright.
The  city stretches far and wide.
I see its  lights on every side.
Ahead, tall  buildings stand up high.
Their rows of  windows light the  sky.
I see more  lights on  boats that go
along the  river far below.
And way off where the  river bends,
I see a  bridge. Then I pretend
that on that  bridge inside a  car
another  boy looks out so far
he sees *our*  bridge. And that  boy
might pretend that I see him at night.

What Would You Do . . .

- if you found ten dollars in a school hallway and no one else saw you find it?
- if you saw your pet cat climbing a tree toward a nest of birds?
- if your friend invited you to stay at his house for supper?
- if you rushed loudly into the house and discovered that a guest was visiting your parents?
- if you suddenly forgot your lines as you were reciting them in front of an audience?
- if your friend got a flat tire while the two of you were riding your bikes?



Animal Anagrams

By Marie Latta

Rearrange the letters of each word to make the name of a living creature.

pea	tang
sale	bare
sneak	low
shore	tan
balm	went



Answers on page 36.

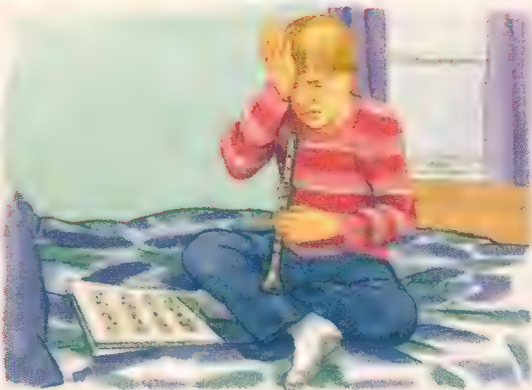
Goofus and Gallant



"Whoops! Sorry. I didn't know you hadn't read this magazine yet."



"Have both of you finished reading today's paper? I'd like to cut out a few comics."

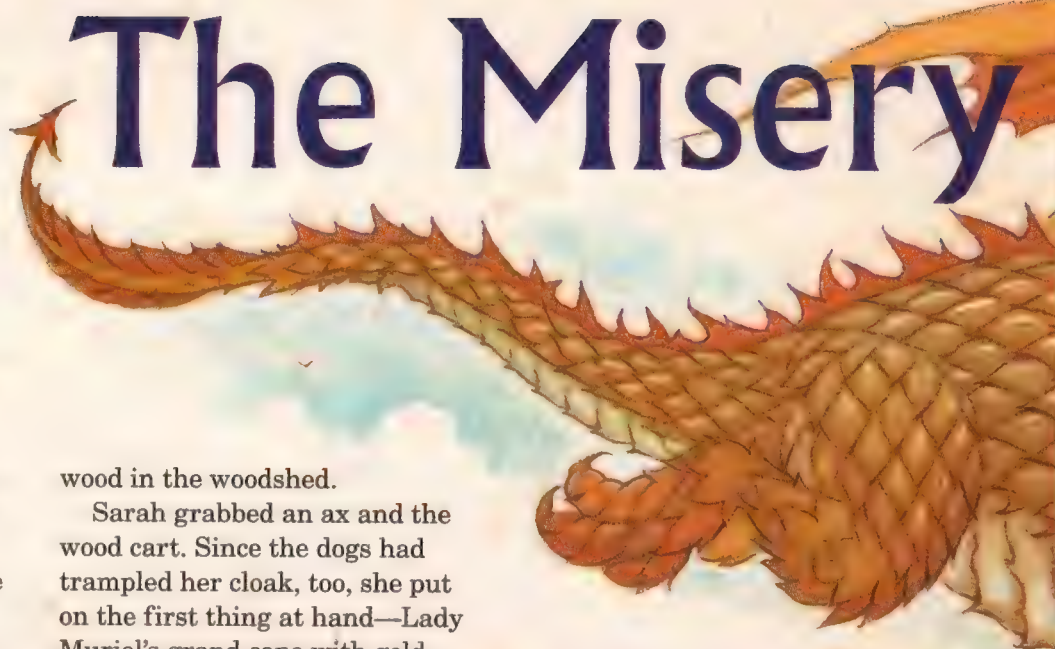


Goofus gets angry with himself after he makes mistakes.



Gallant knows that everyone makes mistakes.

By Teresa Bateman



Sarah's day in the castle kitchen started out badly. Soon, though, it got so much worse that her breakfast of scorched eggs and toast became a pleasant memory.

About mid-morning, her blankets, drying by the fire, burst into flames. Fortunately, a bucket of dirty dishwater was handy. Unfortunately, Lord William chose that moment for his inspection, interrupting Sarah in mid-fling.

"I'm terribly sorry," Sarah said, looking at his soaked velvet tunic. There would be a long day of laundry ahead.

This, she soon discovered, would include more than Lord William's spoiled finery.

Someone had let the castle dogs inside, and they were happily tearing apart the linen closet, playing tug-of-war with the sheets. Sarah evicted the dogs, then went to the laundry kettle for hot water.

Naturally, there was none. The fire was out, and there was no

wood in the woodshed.

Sarah grabbed an ax and the wood cart. Since the dogs had trampled her cloak, too, she put on the first thing at hand—Lady Muriel's grand cape with gold trim. She headed to the forest, and was not surprised when rain began to pour down.

Sarah had just started chopping, her ax as dull as a turnip, when a dragon swooped down, plucked her up, and sped skyward.

Normally a polite young woman, Sarah lost her temper. She swung the blunt ax against the dragon's knuckles. "Let me down!"

He paid no attention.

"Ignore *me*, will you?" Sarah bellowed. She swung at the dragon's elbow. The blade slid

Neither Sarah nor the

along diamond-hard scales, making a sound like a harp being eaten by pigs.

The dragon flew faster, casting nervous glances at her. He soon dove into an elegant mountain cave, released Sarah, and leaped out of reach.

"Is that any way for a princess to behave?" the dragon sputtered.

"*Princess?*" Sarah looked down, sighed, then swept back the magnificent cape, revealing a sensible wool skirt and apron.

The dragon rolled his eyes. "It figures. This has been the worst day of my life."

"The worst day of *your* life?" Sarah stamped her foot. "If you want to talk about bad days, let's start with mine." Then she added, "I hereby challenge you to a misery contest."

The dragon frowned. "A what?"

"Look," Sarah said. "With the day I've been having, no knight in shining armor will be rescuing me, so I'm just going to have to win my own freedom. And today, the only thing I could possibly win



Contest



dragon was having a very good day.

is a misery contest. So?"

"I just captured a kitchen maid," the dragon said. "I'm sure to win. Let the contest begin."

Sarah told him about her burnt breakfast.

"My breakfast," the dragon said smugly, "was a burning lump of coal."

"Don't dragons *like* coal?" Sarah asked.

"That's hardly the point," the dragon replied. "My breakfast was much more burnt than yours, therefore I am much more miserable."

Sarah mentioned the dirty sheets.

"Speaking of beds," the dragon said, "some dwarves stole mine this morning. Dragons sleep on jewels and gold, you know. But it's cold, hard granite for me tonight. You can always wash those sheets. I win."

"But I won't be able to," Sarah said, hands on hips, "because there's no firewood. And I can't

chop more because an arrogant dragon captured me. No wood, no fire. No fire, no hot water. No hot water, no laundry. No laundry, no job—and it's all *your* fault!"

The dragon hesitated. Sarah was sure she had won.

Then the dragon grinned. "Yes, but if I return you to the forest, you can chop the wood and keep your job. I, on the other hand, captured a princess who's *not* a princess, and I can't fix that. I win."

Sarah's shoulders sagged. This really *was* the worst day of her life. There was no way out.

"I'm just going to have to win my own freedom."

Or was there?

"I'm having a much worse day than you," Sarah stated. "And you must release me."

"But I just won!" the dragon roared.

"Exactly," Sarah agreed. "I can't even win a *misery* contest! That makes me the most miserable of all!"

The dragon was befuddled. How could she be more miserable than he was if he had won? Winning was a good thing, wasn't it? But if losing a misery contest made you the winner, then . . .

This was too complicated. "Fine," the dragon said. He carried Sarah back to the forest.

The rain was letting up. Sarah got to work. Her ax, having been sharpened on the dragon's scales, chopped wood with ease. She filled the cart, pulled it back to the castle, then built a fire, heated water, and started the laundry. The sun was coming out as she hung the laundry to dry.

In the kitchen, Sarah made some toast and scrambled an egg. Considering everything, it really wasn't such a bad day.

She smiled. "Maybe that dragon deserved to win after all!"



BrainPlay

Start at the beginning
and see how far you
can go, thinking of good
answers from your
own head.

START



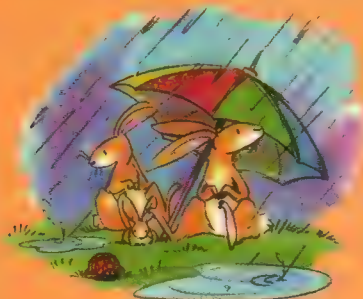
Do all animals swim?

Think of five things that
remind you of spring.

Why don't kites fly away?

Which fruits can be eaten
without peeling or
cutting them?

How many shapes can
you find on a car?



How do animals protect
themselves from the rain?

"Vanilla is my favorite,"
said Joey, "but sometimes
I have chocolate instead."
What might Joey be
talking about?

How are baby alligators
like baby birds? How are
they different?

Draw a picture of what
you think your room
would look like to a
beetle.

What do
you like
most
about your
best
friend?

Name as many animals as
you can that make their
homes underground.

Name three things that
no one could count.

If you had
to spend
a month
alone in a
spaceship
orbiting Earth, what
would you miss the most?

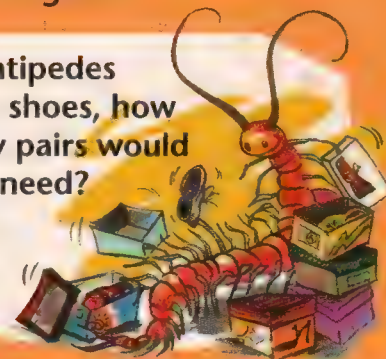


Which of these things
could you hold in your
hand: a rock, a marble, a
dime, peace?

"I saw one that had black
stripes on its wings," said
Bernice. What might
Bernice have seen?

Which of the five senses
does a person use to play
a video game?

If centipedes
wore shoes, how
many pairs would
they need?



As they walked up to the
box-office window,
Sarah's mom said, "I'm
sorry, honey. You'll have
to choose a different
movie." Why might she
have said this?

Illustrated by Erin Mauterer

ANSWERS:

"Science Corner" (page 24)

How Full Is It?—Tip the barrel.



"Animal Anagrams" (page 33)

1. Ape. 2. Seal. 3. Snake. 4. Horse. 5. Lamb. 6. Gnat.
7. Bear. 8. Owl. 9. Ant. 10. Newt.

"Homegrown Humor" (page 43)

1. When he's out standing (outstanding) in his field.
2. Because the potatoes have eyes, the corn has ears, and the beanstalk (beans talk).
3. Jelly beans.

4. Later taters.
5. Because they're seedy characters.
6. The hoe, hoe, hoe.
7. By getting to the root of the problem.
8. A horse radish.
9. Leeks.
10. It's the one wearing a sweater.
11. Mashed potatoes.

Brad Parks: A Man with Dreams

By Ruth Hamel

Brad Parks's opponent gave the tennis ball a toss into the air, and Parks started forward. As his opponent hit the ball, Parks changed the direction of his sports wheelchair and cut off the wide angle of the shot for a perfect return.

When Brad Parks watches other wheelchair players compete, he hears their shouts and laughter. He sees their colorful rackets and sleek chairs on the tennis courts, and he says, "This is what I dreamed about."

In 1976, when he was a freshman in college, a skiing accident left Parks paralyzed from the waist down. After surgery, he had to accept that he would never walk again. "I cried," he said, "but I knew I couldn't sit around and mope. I had to get on with the business of living."

Parks had always been active, and he still wanted to do things for himself. To be independent, he needed crutches and a wheelchair. To use them, he needed strong arm muscles. He began to train as though he were entering the Olympics.

At first, things were difficult. Parks wanted to be with his friends, but he couldn't go up and down curbs. When he went to the beach, his wheelchair got stuck in the sand. "I had to learn to cope," Parks says.



"People think being in a wheelchair is the worst thing in the world," Brad Parks says. "I think anybody who is able to go out and play three sets of tennis is very lucky."


In 1977, Parks entered the University of California at Santa Barbara. The students on campus raced bicycles. Parks raced with his wheelchair. Working with another wheelchair athlete, he built a wheelchair designed for racing. Soon, he became the fastest guy in the world in a wheelchair.

But that wasn't enough. Parks wanted a sport in which he could compete with his friends. Although he had not played tennis before his accident, his parents did. They encouraged him to play with them.

"I was bad, and there was only one way to go—that was up," Parks says. "It was a challenge,

but I knew this was a game I could play with my parents and friends. I set out to be the best I could."

As his game improved, Parks began to dream of playing in tournaments with other wheelchair athletes. His enthusiasm helped him form the National Foundation of Wheelchair Tennis in 1979. The first tournament—in 1980—drew around sixty players.

Today, wheelchair tennis is the fastest-growing sport for persons with disabilities. Thousands of athletes from all over the world compete in pro tours. Brad Parks, who became a champion player, is now known as the "father of wheelchair tennis." 

Read about another motivated athlete on HighlightsKids.com.



Our Own Pages



Butterfly Garden
Caroline Vanderwall, Age 5
North Carolina

The Good-Night Song

Good night, my mama,
Good night, my daddy—
I had a special day.
Good night, my mama,
Good night, my daddy—
I love you oh so much.

Kate Puckett, Age 3
Virginia



My Favorite Star
Josh Pociask, Age 8
Wisconsin

Mom

We like to play
with stuffed dogs and cats,
and play safari
with old straw hats.
When I have a problem,
she gives me the key.
But I like it best
when it's just Mommy and me.

Lee Moor, Age 8
Texas



Matthew Thomas, Age 5
Kansas

On a Stormy Night

On a stormy night, I cannot sleep.
I hear *boom, boom!*
Sometimes I think it is angels bowling
or a giant skipping down the road.
Sometimes I hear a howl in the wind.
Is it a ghost?
Is it a wolf?
Or is it just a storm in the night?

Ainsley Manley, Age 11
Florida



Melissa Schramm, Age 11
Vermont

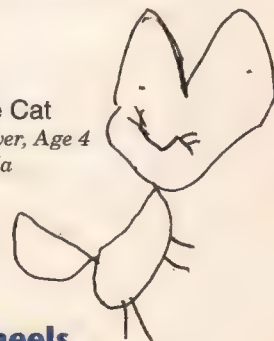


A Princess and Her Castle
Drew Bryant, Age 6
Georgia

Music

I sit at the table and wait
for nothing except the smell
to arrive in my face,
of Mom cooking a melody.
She tunes the drums
as she taps on the countertop.
She plays the violin
as she rubs the pot
with a metal fork.
She plays the guitar
as she slips on the floor.
She shakes the rattles
as she places down forks,
plates, knives, and spoons.
She plays the piano
as she hums slowly.
She has created a band
that can never fail.

Christopher Fox, Age 11
New York



Nikki the Cat
Stephanie Silver, Age 4
Nevada

Hot Wheels

I like to have them,
have them all.
But that would mean
not to collect any more.
Zack Zimmer, Age 11
Ontario

I Know, I Watch

She leaves her nest every three hours.

I know. I watch.

She sits in her nest
like the queen of the world—
muscular, with bright-colored wings.

I know. I watch.

She protects her young
and feeds them worms.

I know. I watch.

Her babies cry; she tends their needs—
she is their mother.

I know. I watch.

I know she loves her babies,
and how I know is—

I watch.

*Olivia Grimm, Age 14
Virginia*



Pond Pony

*Lindsay Fraser, Age 9
Nova Scotia*

What Is Aqua?

What is aqua?

Aqua is the ocean,
full of mysteries.

It is the smell of fresh dew
in the morning.

Aqua is the long-lost cousin
of blue and green.

Aqua hears the waves calling
and echoes under the sea.

It is a blue Popsicle
on a sunny day.

It's your reflection
on a happy day.

And aqua makes you relaxed
in every way!

*Ethan Keeley, Age 9
New York*



Dump Truck

*Mateo Florez, Age 6
Washington*

Sun, Moon, and Stars

When the sun is rising
high in the sky,
I wake up in my gentle bed,
and look up high
at the blue, blue sky,
and see the great yellow sun.

When I go to bed,
the moon and starlight
are shining through my window.
My window is glass,
and I can see the moon.
I curl up in my special bed,
and Jesus is protecting me.

*Adela Baker, Age 5
Michigan*



Red Bird, Blue Bird

*Dalton Bright, Age 5
Alabama*

How Do I Feel?

I feel funny, I laugh.

I feel angry, I scream in my pillow.

I feel sad, I cry.

I feel very happy, I downright laugh
my head off!

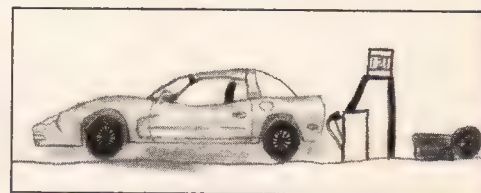
*Mackenzie Ellis, Age 8
Ohio*



Me, the Scarecrow

I have fuchsia gloves for hands,
and a velvet dress that blows
in the wonderful whooshing wind.
My maracas rattle.
Shika, shika, shika.
Beautiful blue blossoms
tinker behind me.
The pole that holds me up
sticks straight up
out of the flower garden.
The flowers are as colorful
as a rainbow.
And the path beside me
leads on and on,
forever and ever, and ever,
and ever, and ever.

*Michelle Guo, Age 7
New Jersey*



Corvette

*Will Slaven, Age 9
Iowa*

Are you thinking of sending your work to Our Own Pages? Be sure that it is your very own creation and that you haven't seen or heard it somewhere else. All artwork should be on plain white paper, not lined paper. Poems and stories should have fewer than one hundred words. Include your name, age, and complete address (street or box number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to

**HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431**

We will print some of the poems, stories, and pictures from our readers. Sorry, we cannot return any work that is sent to us, so you may want to keep a copy for yourself.

The author traveled to
South America to work and live

High in the



Many friendly people welcomed the author (second from left) to the Andes Mountains.

By David Meissner

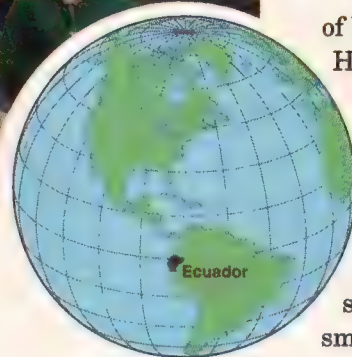
It was late afternoon when I arrived in the village of Angahuana. I had traveled by truck high into these green mountains and then walked along a curvy road. All I carried in my backpack was clothes, water, and a sleeping bag. I didn't know what I would eat or where I would sleep that night, but I did know that I was looking for a farmer named Don Segundo.

Earlier in the day I had seen a pig riding on the roof of a bus. I had seen women dressed in pink pulling potatoes from the ground. I had seen dogs without leashes run to the edge of the road and bark at me.

Life in the Andes Mountains was very different from my life in the United States—and my head hurt from trying to understand it all. I had been excited about working on farming projects in Ecuador after college. But everywhere I went people stared

at me. I didn't look, dress, or speak like anyone else up here.

Angahuana was a small village on a steep mountainside. The stone road curved past houses, a



church, and an elementary school. Behind each house were fields where families grew crops, such as beans, onions, and potatoes.

Meeting Don Segundo

Don Segundo's house was made of bricks, wood, and dried mud. Hopefully this was where I would sleep for the night. From the road I shouted, "*¡Hola! ¡Hola! ¿Don Segundo?*"

A short man in a blue coat appeared from behind the house. His brown eyes sparkled, and his whole face smiled. "You must be David!" he said in Spanish. "You can sleep here tonight. Come, let me show you my *mora* plants."

For the rest of the afternoon, Don Segundo and I dug in the ground and planted blackberry bushes. We also talked about how



A mother and her daughters sit on the ground where they will grow tomatoes. The wooden frame will become a greenhouse.

Mountains of Ecuador



Don Segundo's daughters sit on a path behind their house.

we would work together for the next two months. Our biggest project was building greenhouses so that people in Angahuana could grow tomatoes and sell them down in the city.

Before it got dark, Don Segundo and I hiked up a narrow path to put his cows in the corral for the night. On our way down, the cold air was silent except for the sounds of our footsteps. Across the valley stood a giant snow-capped volcano.

A Family Dinner

We ate dinner in a dark but cozy kitchen. Don Segundo's wife cooked over an open wood fire. We sat on log benches and ate *habas*. We dipped the tasty beans in salt, sucked out the beans, and tossed the shells into a bowl.

Don Segundo's two daughters were about ten and twelve years


old. They cuddled together in a blanket and rested their bare feet on the floor. They giggled and whispered to each other in Quichua, a language I couldn't understand. I don't think they had ever seen a person with white skin and green eyes.

Our main dish was warm potato soup with meat. After dinner we sipped sweet tea, and everyone seemed more relaxed. The girls stopped speaking in Quichua and asked me questions in Spanish.

I told them about my life in the United States. I described the dry Arizona desert. I explained that instead of growing our own food as they do, we buy it from big grocery stores. Then I showed them a picture of my brother, sister, and parents. The girls thought it was funny that we had four cats, one dog, and a turtle.

Feeling at Home

Even though this land and the people had seemed so strange at first, I began to realize that we had many things in common. This family had also been nervous about meeting someone from the other side of the Earth. But here we were in their kitchen after dinner—laughing, talking, and telling stories.

When my eyelids began to droop, Don Segundo showed me to a room with a small bed. I lay down and thought of all the new things I had seen, smelled, and tasted in just one day. Soon I heard whispering from the room next door. Kids' eyes were spying on me through a crack in the wall. I waved to the wall, and it seemed to giggle back. Then I said good night, clicked off the lone light bulb, and fell deeply asleep, high in the mountains of Ecuador. 

Dear Highlights,

Sad About Awards



My school gave out awards, but I didn't get one. They even had a P.E. award, and I'm great at that. I feel really sad.

Megan H., Florida

We all like to be recognized for the things we do. But most of the time good things go unrecognized by others. Many people learn to do their best anyway. They get personal satisfaction from knowing they have done their best. Remember that doing your best is not about the prizes you receive. It is about feeling good about what you do.

Can't Get a Hit



I can't hit a baseball. My dad tries to teach me, but I don't really do it right. What can I do?

Michael P., New Jersey

Even professional baseball players only hit the ball once for every three or four times. So try not to feel too bad.

The best way to improve your hitting is to practice. You can practice hitting by tying a string around a plastic baseball and hanging it from a tree so the ball's at about chest level. This is a good exercise for developing your hand-eye coordination. You can also practice hitting a ball off a T-ball tee, or continue to practice with your dad. Every time you practice, you will get a little bit better.

Sharing Cat Care



My sister and I share a cat. I'm the one who takes care of it, and she just plays with it. How can I get her to help?

Lauren S., Oklahoma

It might help to make a chart listing everything that has to be done to take care of the cat. On the chart, list who is responsible for each duty on each day. For example, on some days you might be in charge of feeding the cat and providing fresh water. Your sister could be in charge of cleaning the litter box on those days. Each of you can put a check mark on the chart when your tasks have been completed.

Scared of Shots



I have to get a shot in about three months. I know that's a long time from now, but I'm scared. What should I do?

Torie R., Hawaii

Immunizations aren't pleasant, but they are necessary. And the worry and fear of getting a shot is often much worse than the actual thing. Why worry for three months about something that will only take a second or two?

When the time comes to get your shot, take a deep breath and relax your muscles. The more relaxed you are, the less you will feel the injection. Look away or close your eyes rather than watching when you are given the shot. It will all be over quickly.

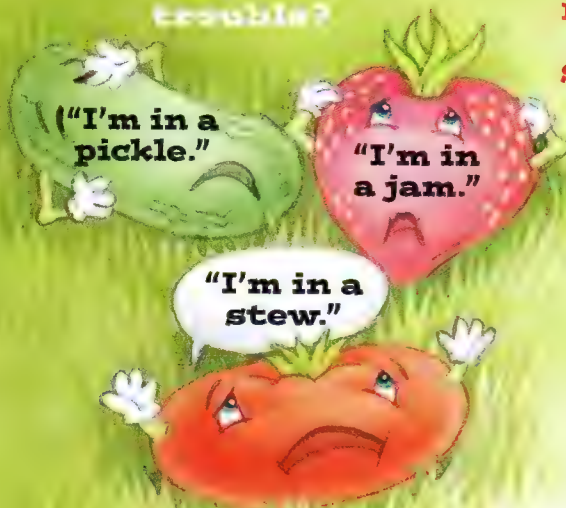
You can also let the nurse or doctor know you're a little nervous. They are used to dealing with kids' fears and can share some tips.

When you write to us, we like to know who you are. Please include your name, age, and full address (street and number, city or town, state or province, and Zip Code). Mail to

Dear Highlights
HIGHLIGHTS FOR CHILDREN
803 Church Street
Honesdale, PA 18431

Homegrown Humor

What do fruits and vegetables say when they're in trouble?



Ozzie: "How much birdseed should I buy?"
Store clerk: "How many birds do you have?"
Ozzie: "None, but I want to grow some."

Father: "Eat your spinach, son. It will put color in your cheeks."
Son: "But I don't want green cheeks!"

Ma: "Don't order those seeds. It says they won't bloom until next spring."
Pa: "That's OK. This is last year's catalog!"

Larry: "I've been plowing these fields since I was twelve years old!"
Lindy: "Good grief! Aren't you tired?"

Impatient gardener: "This whole row of seeds hasn't sprouted yet!"
Patient gardener: "Don't worry. They'll turnip."

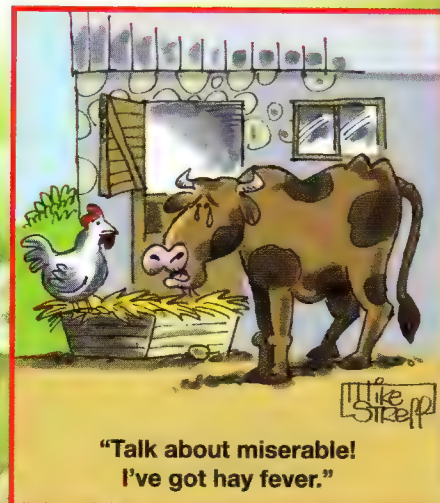
Silly:
 "Where does a worm go in a cornfield?"
Willy:
 "In one ear and out the other!"

1. When is a farmer famous?
2. Why don't you tell secrets on a farm?
3. What are the most difficult beans to grow?
4. What do you call potatoes that ripen at the end of the season?
5. Why shouldn't you trust cucumbers or tomatoes?
6. What tool makes gardeners laugh?
7. How does a farmer tackle a difficult situation?
8. What's little, round, red, and can gallop?
9. What vegetable can plumbers fix?
10. How can you tell a chili bean from any other kind of bean?
11. What do you get when you cross potato plants with squash?

Answers on page 36.

Books that were never written:

Soil: Dig In! by Hans R. Durtie
How to Put In Seedlings by Neil N. Plant
Increase Your Luck! by Flora Leif-Clover
Too Late to Plant? by Ida Star, Ted Sooner
Gardening for Beginners by Uneeda Seed
Time to Harvest by Rosa Lettis and Brock Ali
Don't Get Lost in the Forest! by Mark deTrayle
Favorite Fall Flowers by Chris-Ann T. Mumms
Preparing Vegetables by Shel d'Peeze
Easy Composting by Lettie Trott
Landscaping Tips by Pete Moss



Inside This Issue

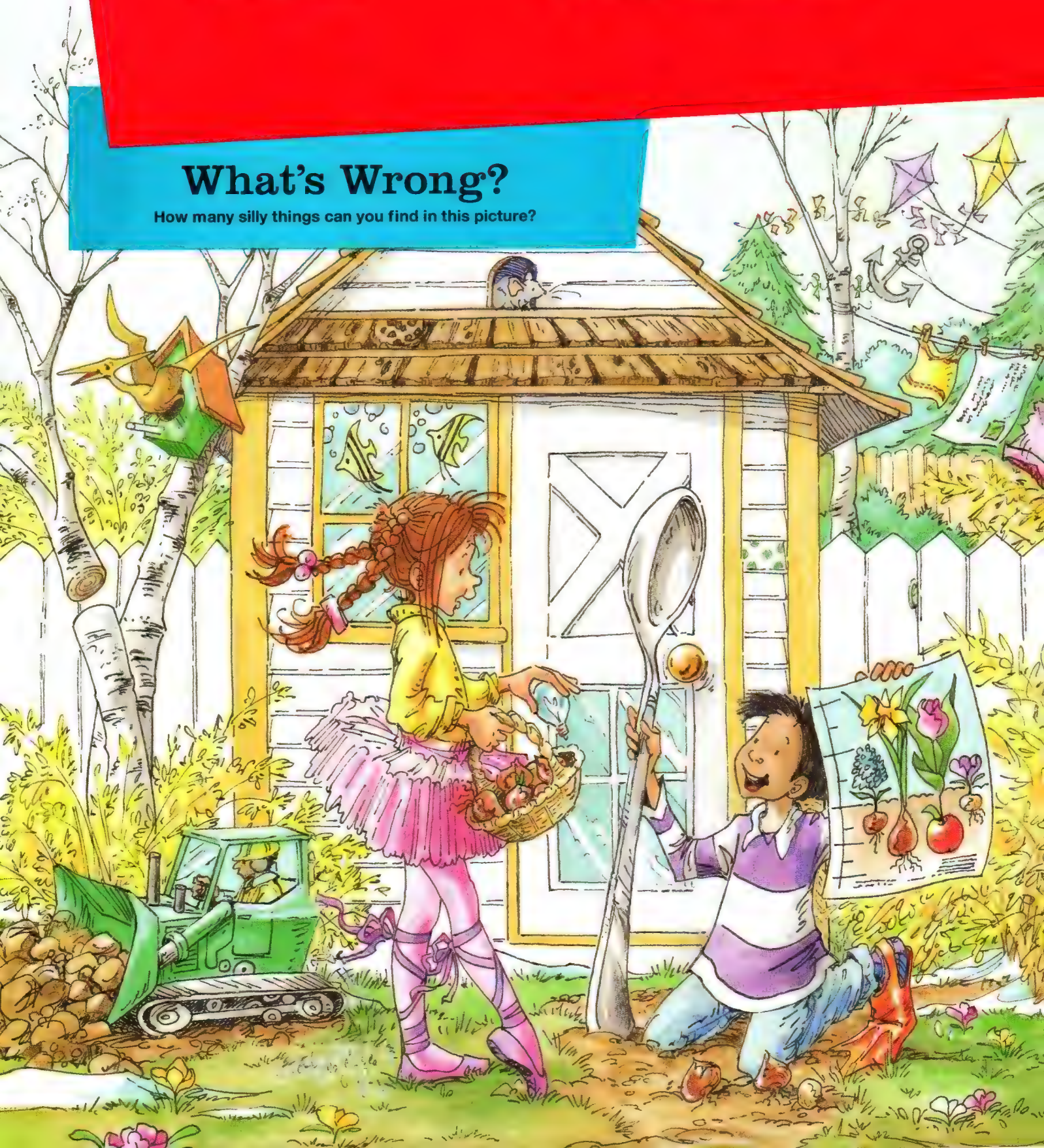
- ★ A misery contest
- ★ Number soup
- ★ An orphan orca

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- More dragons!
- An interactive Recipe Box
- Springer's dolphin cousins

What's Wrong?

How many silly things can you find in this picture?



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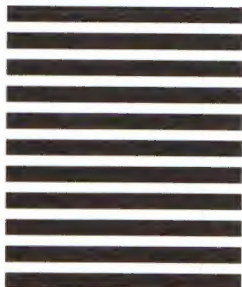
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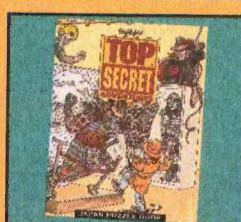
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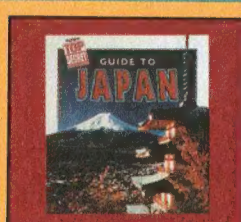
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